

The Walk in the Fields.

221 p11 em 33 9

Their father said he wanted Mary & Ned to know one field from another, so he would take them for a walk.

They came to a field where five or six cows were ~~just~~ eating the grass, and some others were ~~lying down~~, chewing the cud. Ned knew that this was a pasture field, so they went through it.

Mary did not know what chewing the cud meant, so her father told her ~~they~~ <sup>that</sup> the cows were eating their dinners over again.

Then Mary wanted to go into a field where the grass was long & green; he cause there were ~~pretty blue and red~~ <sup>many bright white</sup> flowers in it.

But Ned knew better; he said that was a meadow, and they must not tramp on the grass. Soon it would be cut down to make hay for the horses & cows to eat in the winter.

Then Mary re-mem-ber-ed that she had help-ed to make hay last summer, and that there was a hay-stack near their house.

'Now then the grass is in that field, father!' said Ned. That is not grass, my boy; it is wheat.

~~Corn~~ By and by, the corn will grow tall; and the ear will come, full of grains. When the corn gets yel-low the grains are ripe, ready to be ground into flour.

Then it is harvest time; and the reapers cut down the yel-low corn, and bind it up into sheaves.

# The Cow

Thank you, pretty cow, that gave  
 Me sweet milk to soak my bread,  
 Every morning and every night,  
Warm & fresh, and rich & white.

Do not chew the seeds & rank  
grow-ing then upon the bank,  
 But the yet-low cows slips eat-  
 They will make it nice & sweet.

When the pretty daisy grows,  
 When the clear-est water flows,  
 When the grass is fresh & fine,  
Pretty cow, so there and there.

Look a-round the - look a-round,  
Flowers in all the fields a-bound;  
 Every run-ning stream is bright,  
 All the orch-ard trees are white,  
 And each small & swar-ing chost  
Promises sweet flowers & fruit.

The walk in the town.

221p130m23

Their mother promised the children that they should go with her on the very next Saturday when she took her butter & eggs to market.

It was a long way to the town, but the two little ones took turns on the donkey, and the big ones were able to walk.

They met a good many people going to the town: some with baskets of butter and eggs; like their mother; some with baskets of apples or pears: some with carts full of potatoes or turnips.

Their mother told them <sup>that</sup> all these things were going to the market to be sold. Many people live in the town, and no thing grows in the streets. So country people bring good for the people in the town.

When they got into Bedford. Many <sup>not</sup> saw there were no fields, but long streets with houses on each side of the way. Soon they came to a street where there were many shops with big windows. They stopped so long at the window of a toy-shop that their mother thought they were lost.

The children were frighten-ed, because there were so many people in the streets that they could not <sup>at first</sup> find their mother, at first.

"I have counted six churches already," said Ned, "and we have only one at home!" By and by, they came to a large open place, where the country people set up stalls, and waited to sell the things they had brought. This was the market.

## The Donkey

221p14mc33/12

Poor donkey! I'll give him a hand<sup>ful</sup> of grass;  
I'm sure his an honest, though stupid, old ass.  
He trots to the meadow - but to carry the sack,  
And lets me ride all the way home on his back,  
And only just stops by the ditch for a minute  
To see if there's any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now ~~then~~, he has got a bad trick  
Of standing <sup>stock</sup> still, & just try-ing to kick,  
But then, poor old fellow! you know he can't tell  
That stand-ing stock still is not using me well;  
For it never comes into his head, I dare say,  
To do his work first, & then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey, I'll give you some grass,  
For you know no better because you're an ass;  
But what little donkeys & some children must do,  
Who stand, very like you, stock still at their work,  
And waste every moment of time as it passes. -  
A great deal more stupid & lilly than asses!  
Jane Taylor



## How Red found his way.

221 p 5m 23/3

The next Monday, ~~their mother~~ <sup>again</sup> Wm. Brown asked Red if he could find his way to the town; because she wanted him to take some eggs to a lady who lived in High Street.

Now Red had been so busy looking at the people and carts, & the houses they passed, that he had not thought much about the way.

So his mother directed him: that is to say, she told him exactly how to find his way to Redford.

You must go, said she, straight along the high road, until you come to a place where two roads meet. Take the one on your right-hand, and go on till you come to a white inn called the Big Bull. Here there are two roads & you must take the one to your left, which will lead you straight into the high street. The lady lives at number 32.

Red said these directions over to his mother many times to make quite sure of them.

As he walked along the high road he said to himself: Where two roads meet, turn to the right. By the Big Bull, turn to the left.

When he got to the two roads, he ~~held~~ <sup>held</sup> out what he called his writing hand, and turned the way it pointed. Red made <sup>no</sup> mistake, but left his eggs at number 32. <sup>Wm.</sup> Brown had to tell his mother how well he had found his way.

The Robin Red-breast

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest  
Within a hot-low tree;  
The hen sat qui-ety at home,  
The cock sang mer-ri-ty,  
And all the little young ones said,  
'Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!'

One day (the sun was warm and bright,  
And shining in the sky)  
Cock Robin said, 'My little dears,  
'Tis time you learn to fly.'  
And all the little young ones said,  
'I'll try, I'll try, I'll try.'

I know a child, and who she is  
I'll tell you by and by,  
When another says, 'Do this, or 'That',  
She says, 'What for?' and 'Why?'  
She'd be a better child by far  
If she would say, 'I'll try.'

Aunt Effie's rhyme.

"Father's halts."

221 p 70 m 33 15

When Mr. Brown heard how Ned had found his way to Redford, he said: Now children, I will give you a pug-gb-walk for your next half hol-i-day.

If you can find your way by my di-rec-tion, I shall ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~side~~ you shall have this bag of nuts when you come back.

When you leave the house, turn to your right, & go down the road un-til you pass a <sup>big tree on</sup> ~~cottage~~ <sup>side</sup> ~~garden~~ a rose-bush in the gar-den; and a gate painted white.

Soon, you will come to a stile on the left-hand side of the road. Get over it, and you are in a mead-ow full of big & ey daisies.

Keep in the path, and you will come to another stile, which leads you into a path through a turnip field.

On one side of this path there is a hedge where there are lots of big black-berries. But boys and girls do not like black-berries, do they?

The children laugh-ed, and Mary said they should take a can & a bas-ket and bring them home to mother full of black-berries to make <sup>pies</sup> ~~puddings~~ of.

Off they set; but there were two stiles, one on the right hand, & the other on the left. Nobody could re-mem-ber which father had said. So they took the stile on the right hand side. It led them through one plough-ed field after another. They got no black-berries, and when they got home, there was no bag of nuts for them.

# Dirty Yack.

There was one little Yack,  
Not very long back,  
And 'tis said, to his last ing dis grad,

That he never was seen  
With his hands at all clean,  
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt,  
To see so much dirt,  
And often and well did they scorn,  
But all was in vain,

He was dirty again  
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,  
He was will ing ly went,

With water to splash him - very dear,  
But he left the black streaks

Running down both his cheeks,  
And made them both worse than before.

You want to know why,  
Like the pigs in their sty,

He al-ways was pub ling about:

Well, people have thought

This poor de man ought

To be made with four legs & a snout.

The idle and bad

May, like to his last

Be dirty and black to be sure;

But good boys are seen

With hands and face clean.

Al-though they are ever so poor

Yard Yacker.



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Their father was sorry for the tired little folks.  
Cob said they should set him a peg-gle-wally,  
& if he could find his way by their directions,  
they should still have the bagpumps.

So they thought of a walk, and talked about it in whis-pers so that father & mother should not hear.

not hear.  
When Sat-ur-day af-ter-noon came, they set  
off. Mary was to keep count of the turns they  
made, to the right or to the left. When they  
got home, this was what they told their father:  
this road until

Go straight down this road until  
you come to the park lodge. A little way  
past the lodge, there is a little white gate,  
which leads you into a wood.

And, Oh father, there are such heaps of prim-rose  
and blue-bells in the wood! We could not  
get little moss along: she would stop to  
gather more than her little hands would hold.  
But there is a broad path through the middle

But there is a broad path through the middle  
of the wood. which you ~~may~~ must get low. -

And we saw a rab. bit run a cross with his  
funny tail cocked up: said little Dick. -

Well, Ned went on, when you come to the end of the wood, you cross a stile which leads you into a clover field. There are two foot paths through this field, & you must take the one to the right, which leads you through ~~the~~ the field, until you come out on this very road.

Ex. 'The night, which leads you ~~surely~~  
 that fields, would you come out - in this very road.  
 at their father set off to find the way, & their Mother went  
 with him, & the children walk - at the gate the father - a long time.  
 & at last they ~~came~~ <sup>found</sup> the way. The mother, who had been the first to see the road, & of  
 course, she had the right to lead.

John Barley-corn,

There went three kings into the East

Three kings both great & high;

And they have sworn a solemn oath,

John Barley-corn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,

But clods upon his head;

And they have sworn a solemn oath

John Barley-corn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kind ly on.

And showers began to fall;

John Barley-corn got up again.

And so surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,

And he grew thick and strong;

His head well armed with pointed spears,

That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn entered mild,

And he grew wan and pale;

His bending joints and drooping head

Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more & more,

He faded into age;

And then his enemies began

To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp

And cut him by the knee,

Then tied him fast upon a cart

Like a rogue for forger y.

Burns.